

# Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Fourpence

17th June, 1961

## MR GUITAR PLAYS SIX HOURS A DAY

By PETER LONDON

The most frequently heard sound in today's "pop" music is the twang of the guitar. So it is natural that one of the country's most popular instrumental stars should be a guitarist—Bert Weedon.

His gramophone discs (Mr. Guitar, Sorry Robbie, Ginchy, Twelfth Street Rag, Guitar Boogie Shuffle) are in demand at all teenage parties. And he is to be seen in television shows and heard on radio programmes almost weekly. (He estimates that he has made at least 5,000 broadcasts on radio and TV.)

THE TV show he enjoys most is *Lucky Dip*, the Associated-Rediffusion junior programme which gave him one of the pleasantest surprises of his 20 years of guitar music. As an experiment, he began giving guitar lessons, offering to send a chord chart to young viewers so that they could follow his screen lessons more closely. He thought "a few might write in."

"I had a shock when in one batch of letters alone there were 8,000 requests for charts," Bert Weedon told me at TV House the other day. "And they continued to pour in. I was delighted that so many youngsters were so interested in the guitar."

Bert became keen on the guitar when he was a boy and learned the technique thoroughly. At

by himself, but his latest success, *Mr. Guitar*, was in fact written by The Shadows, who are famous as the backing group of Cliff Richard and in their own right as the players of such hits as *Apache*.

"I met The Shadows at a big concert and, chatting backstage, was flattered to find them admirers of my guitar playing. So much so, it seems, that Hank Marvin and Bruce Welch said they would like to write something for me. And along came *Mr. Guitar*. Now I'm going to return the compliment by writing an original for them to record."

### Help from youth clubs

Bert owes another successful hit record to the members of a youth club in north west London. Before recording a new number Bert likes to try it out at youth clubs, asking the youngsters what they think of the piece.

"I took one along for which I hadn't even thought of a title and said: 'Well, what do you think of it?'. The youngsters gathered round and said 'It's ginchy. Real ginchy.' What does that mean? I enquired. I was told that ginchy means crazy, or the tops or even good! So I called my disc *Ginchy*. And it was, too. I'm happy to say."

### Apology to Burns

For another recent hit Bert went back to his early days, to the traditional song of Scotland, *Ye Banks and Braes*, which he hadn't played since boyhood. But he admits he gave the music of Robert Burns' poem a very modern treatment indeed. "The truth is that it does make a wonderful 'rock' rhythm number," Bert told me. "I thought the least I could do was to apologise to Robert Burns, so I called my disc *Sorry Robbie*."

Bert admits that modern song styles, electronic effects, and recording technique have done



## HIGH SPIRITS

Little Peter and Christine Smith are bouncing with delight as, with a helping hand from mother, they go into space from the trampoline in the garden of their home at Hove, Sussex.

strange things to the old melodious twang of the six-stringed guitar. He himself has invented what can only be described as a "jangle guitar sound," for which he uses a special electronic guitar, one of the six instruments he keeps at home for his various types of work. He reckons that he plays about six hours a day, as well as practising the classics on a fine antique guitar.

A Londoner born and bred, he lives with his wife and teenage son in Harrow. As one of the busiest musicians in Britain he has no time for hobbies.

Bert Weedon is particularly happy that the younger generation have taken to his playing. But he was a bit worried the other day when a mother wrote to him for advice on behalf of her daughter, for whom she had just bought a guitar.

"The daughter was five," Bert told me. "So I had to write and advise her just to wait a few years and then ask me again."

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## Children's Day

There are countless millions of children in the world today still living in misery—suffering from hunger, disease, and dire poverty. They need all the help that can possibly be given by those of us who are more fortunate. It was to remind us of this fact that World Children's Day was instituted by the United Nations.

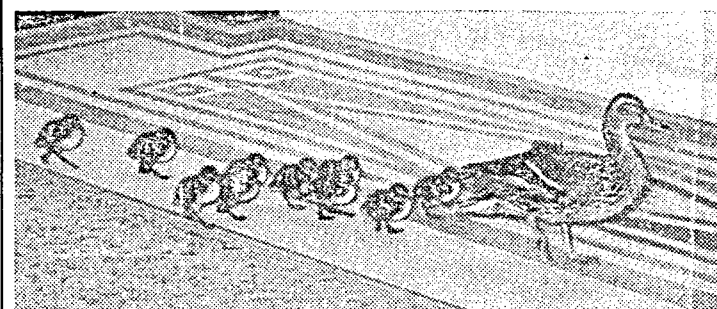
World Children's Day, 14th June, is an occasion on which we should all give special thought to the unhappy children in other lands, do all that we can to help them, and in this way help to build a world in which all nations can live in peace.

In a message to the organisers, the Queen has written: "On the celebration of World Children's Day my thoughts and good wishes are with you in your efforts to encourage goodwill and understanding between children all over the world."

In those efforts we all have a part to play.

**ALAN SHEPARD'S  
OWN STORY OF  
HIS FLIGHT  
IN SPACE  
(See page 2)**

## CONDUCTED TOUR



Mother Duck and her family of ten photographed while taking a peep at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. They had waddled there from their home nearby.



Bert Weedon

first he played the classics. Then he went into dance band work with some of the greatest leaders like Ambrose, Ted Heath, and Geraldo. But he owes much of his present fame to the rock 'n' roll craze of five years ago. For the anonymous person playing the guitar on a great many of the early "rock" hit records was Bert Weedon!

Most of Bert's hits are written



# THE ALAN SHEPARD

Several weeks have passed since the world first heard of Commander Alan Shepard's brief journey into Space. But the story of his achievement will never grow old; it will still be told in 10,000 years' time, for it is the story of a man who blazed a trail and made his name immortal. Children's Newspaper is proud to print that story (from the actual moment of launching) as told by Commander Alan Shepard himself.

I MUST admit that I braced myself too much for that marvellous lift-off. There was nobody around to tell me how it would actually feel and we had not heard from Moscow about it.

I had tensed myself against the vibration and shock and I had even turned the volume on my headphone up near full power so that I could hear transmissions through the noise.

When the bird lighted, I could hear a rumble beneath me and feel the vibration, but they were both at a much lower level than I expected them to be. I called out "Lift-off and the clock has started."

## "The bird rode a little rough"

It was a smooth, gradual, gentle lift-off. I was going. That was certain. I could see it on the instruments, hear it on the headphone, feel it all around me. My trip had finally started. But it had started in an astonishingly pleasant way.

For the first minute the ride continued smooth, and my main job was to keep the people on the ground as relaxed and informed as I could.

I reported that everything was functioning perfectly, all the systems were Go, that the Gs were mounting slightly as predicted, that the pressure in the cabin was bleeding off properly.

The long hours of rehearsal had helped. It was almost as if I had been there before. It was enormously strange and exciting on one hand, but my earlier practice gave the whole thing a comfortable air of familiarity.

One minute after lift-off, the bird rode a little rough.

## "A lot smoother now"

Here, at this point in the flight, the booster and capsule passed from subsonic to supersonic speed and then immediately went through the zone of maximum dynamic pressure where all the forces of air density and speed combine at their peak. There was a good bit of vibration and buffeting.

We had known that this was going to happen, but it was a little heavier than I thought it would be. But I never considered getting out.

My mind had probably been made up unconsciously in advance to handle things alone if I could and only call for help if I could not.

The vibration stopped and we were through in one piece.

I called: "O.K., it is a lot smoother now, a lot smoother."

At two minutes after launch, at an altitude of about 25 miles, the

Gs were building as I climbed at a speed of 2,700 miles an hour. The ride was now fine, just exactly as we had planned.

I made my last transmission before the booster engine cut off: "... all systems are Go."

The cut-off occurred right on schedule. Nothing abrupt happened; as the fuel burned out in the chamber there was a gradual drop in the level of forward thrust, all very smooth. Then I heard a roaring noise when the escape tower blew off.

I had hoped before the flight that I would notice smoke going past the portholes when this happened, but I was too busy keeping track of events on the instrument panel to look.

Separation of the capsule from the booster, a point I had thought about quite a lot in the past, was coming up now.

I heard the noise of the separation rockets as they fired and saw the verifying light flash green on the panel.

## Pulse rate 132

I do not recall thinking anything in particular at separation, but there is good medical evidence that I was concerned about it at the time. My pulse rate reached its peak here—132—and started down afterwards.

Right after separation the capsule and I went weightless, and I could feel the capsule begin its lazy, slow turn-around as it pivoted 180 degrees.

The blunt end faced forward now, and the periscope came out. But though I was aware of land and clouds and movement in the viewer, I didn't really look.

I still had a most important function before I could take the time to enjoy the view.

We wanted to see if the pilot could control the capsule in space and this was the time to begin.

## Astronaut now in control of spaceship

Up to that point, the free and weightless capsule, travelling at 4,500 miles an hour, had been flown by an automatic pilot.

Now using my three-axis control stick, I switched over to manual control, one axis at a time.

First I tried controlling the pitch axis and found I could easily raise or lower the blunt end of the capsule. The instruments recorded the movements each time I moved the stick. Little jets of hydrogen peroxide popped off on the outside of the capsule and pushed it the way I wanted it to go.

Then I fed in the yaw axis by my hand controller and it worked, too. Finally, I took over control of the roll motion of the capsule and was flying it all on my own.



Back Home. Commander Alan Shepard telling the story of his journey.

This was a big moment for me and for everybody who had worked so hard on Project Mercury.

Major Gagarin may have had a fine long ride, but as far as we can tell he was a passenger all the way.

Now was the time to go to the periscope.

I'd been well briefed: I knew what to expect in the way of land masses, cloud cover, and colour.

## Breath-taking view from 100 miles up

But no one could be briefed well enough not to be astonished at the view I got there from 100 miles up. It was breath-taking.

The colours around the ocean islands below were brilliantly clear and the variations were sharp between the blue of deep water and the light green of the shoal areas around the reefs.

All through this period, naturally, the capsule and I were weightless. The condition was just as we expected, pleasant and relaxing, and it had absolutely no effect on my movements or efficiency.

## Completely comfortable

I was completely comfortable, and it was something of a relief to feel no pressure against the couch.

The ends of my straps floated around a bit and there was a little dust drifting around the cockpit, but these were just unimportant peripheral indications of being at zero G.

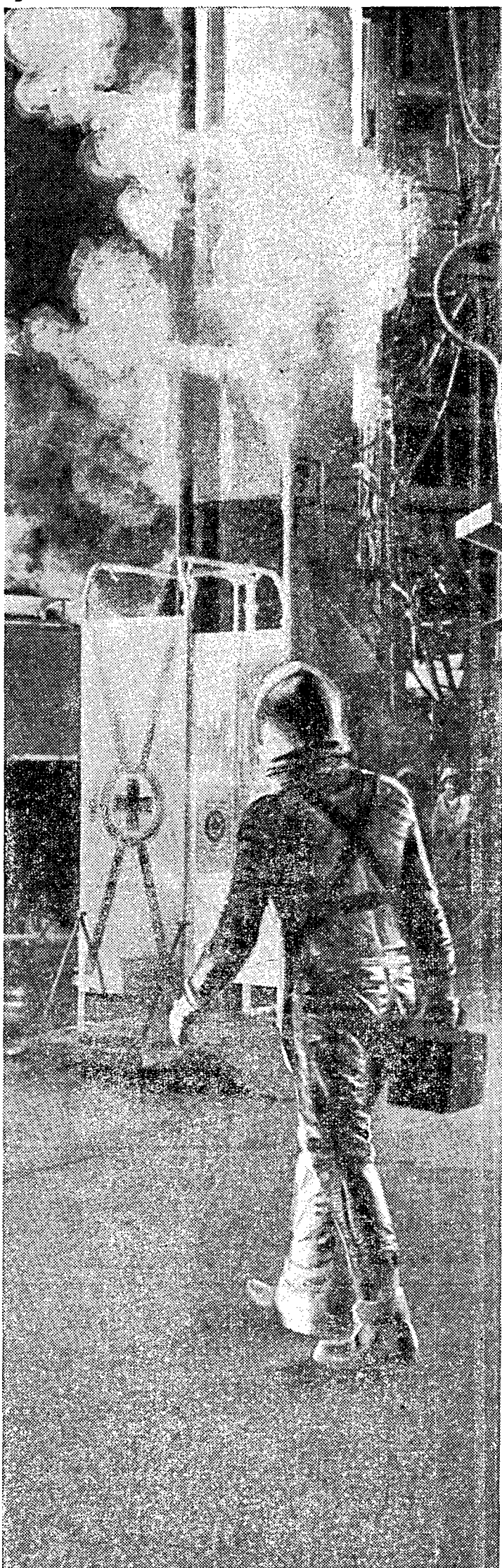
Near the apogee of my flight, at an altitude of about 115 miles, I began to hear the count-down for the firing of the retrorockets.

In an orbital flight these braking rockets would be necessary to begin the return to earth; here we were just testing them and my reactions to their firing.

Still using the hand-controller I tilted the blunt end of the capsule up to an angle of 34 degrees above the horizon, and at five minutes and 11 seconds after launch the first of the three retrorockets fired.

There was just a small, upsetting motion as our speed was slowed, and I was pushed into the couch.

But as the rockets fired in sequence, each time pushing the



Start of a great adventure. Alan Shepard strides forward to the lift which will take him to the capsule.



# STORY

## A thrilling journey into space as described by the man who made it

capsule somewhat off its proper angle. I brought it back. The way I was able to stay on top of the flight using manual controls was, perhaps, the most encouraging product of the trip.

We were on the way down now, and I got set for the jettisoning of the used retrorockets which were attached to the blunt end of the capsule.

I threw a switch that let me fly the capsule "by wire."

With this system I still used the hand-controller, but the outside jets were operated electrically instead of mechanically.

### Past the halfway mark

It worked perfectly. The retro package blew off. I could feel it go, and through the periscope see part of the strapping fall away.

Now I brought the capsule into its re-entry attitude, front end pointing downwards at an angle of 40 deg., and switched over to the automatic pilot.

The flight was more than half over and I hadn't yet had a chance to look out of the porthole for the planets I hoped to spot. But it was now too late in the morning for me to see them.

I could not find them through the eight-inch porthole and I didn't have time to manoeuvre the capsule around for a more thorough look.

We've all experienced much higher Gs on the centrifuge at Johnsville, Pennsylvania, and I remember being clear all the way through the re-entry.

I was able to report the G level with normal voice procedure, and I never reached the point, as I often did in the centrifuge, where I had to use the maximum amount of effort to speak or even to breathe.

All the way down, as the altimeter spun through mile after mile of descent, I grunted out O.K., O.K., O.K., just to show them how I was doing.

Throughout this period of descent the capsule rolled very slowly around in a counter-clockwise direction, spinning at ten degrees a second along its long axis.

This had no noticeable effect on me, and neither did the heat which, though it built up to 1,500 degrees on the heat shield outside, never climbed above 102 degrees in the cabin and 78 degrees in the suit.

The life support system—oxygen, water coolers, ventilators, the suit itself—all worked without a hitch. At worst it was like being in a closed car on a warm Summer day.

As the G forces dropped and we reached about 80,000 feet I switched to the auto-pilot.

By the time I reached 30,000 ft.

Right about this time the periscope comes out again, too.

Sure enough, the first thing I saw against the sky in my viewer was this little drogue, streaming out, white, about the size of a silver dollar, in the top of the 'scope. So far, so good.

At 15,000 ft. a ventilation valve opened on schedule and cool fresh air came into the capsule. The main chute was yet to come.

This invaluable aid to the weary space traveller is supposed to make its appearance at 10,000 feet, and if it fails, the pilot can break out the reserve chute by pulling a ring near the instrument panel.

### Wonderful parachute

I must admit my finger was right on the ring as we passed through 10,000 ft. But it didn't need to pull and I could watch a whole beautiful sequence start taking place on the periscope.

I saw the antenna canister in the neck of the capsule being flown free. After that I saw the drogue chute pull the can free.

Then I saw the bag which held the main chute being pulled out by the can and watched the chute pull free of the bag.

All of a sudden there it was, the main chute stretched out long and thin and not yet opened against the sky.

Four seconds later the reefing broke free and the brilliant orange and white canopy bloomed above me. It looked wonderful.

I stared at it through the periscope for signs of trouble. It was drawing perfectly. A glance at my rate-of-descent indicator on the panel proved that I had a good chute. This was a moment of high relief for me. In fact I felt great.

At about 1,000 ft. I looked out of the port and saw we were getting close to the water. I did not see the pick-up helicopters, but assumed they were near by. I braced myself in the couch for the impact.

### Abrupt landing

The landing was abrupt but no more upsetting than we had expected. The capsule dug into the water and went over on its right side to an angle of about 60 or 70 degrees.

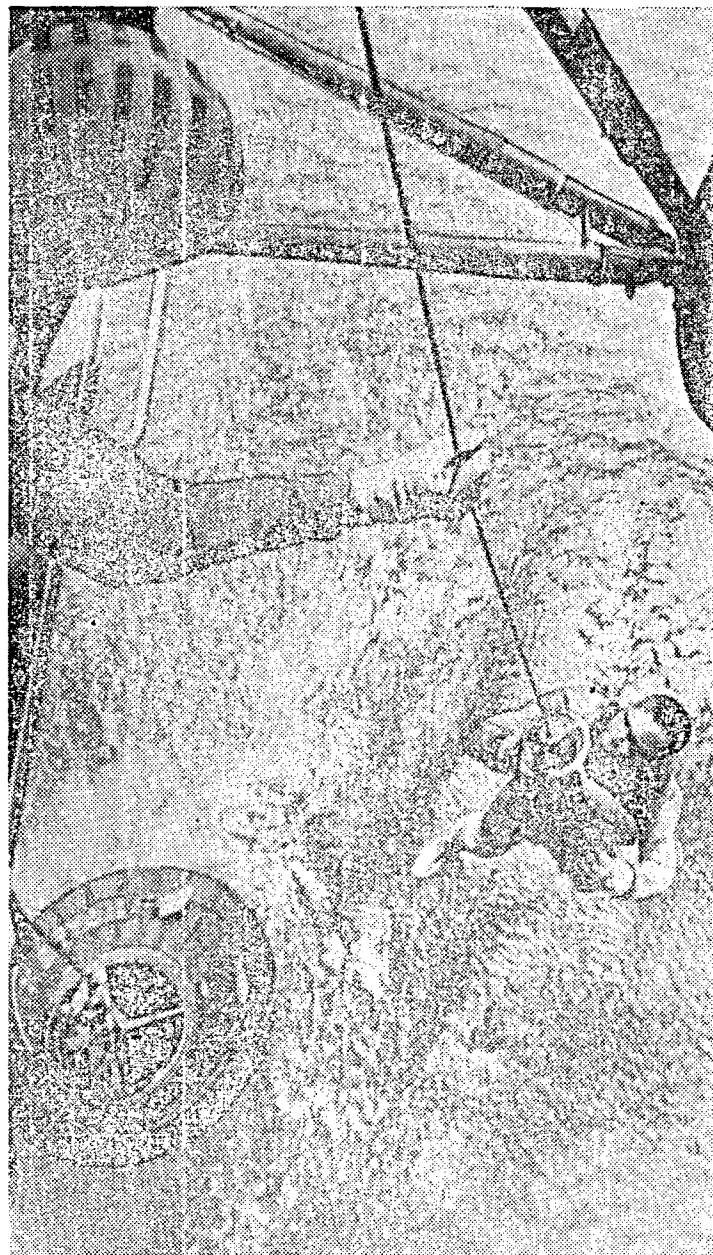
I was pushed first down into the couch and then over the right.

The porthole went immediately under the water and stayed there.

I hit the switch that was supposed to kick the reserve chute out. This would take some of the weight off the top of the capsule and eventually help it right itself.

The same switch would start the sequence to deploy a high-frequency radio antenna. Other recovery aids—dye markers, a sonar—were working. I sat back and watched things happen.

I knew that in about a minute the capsule should swing back into an upright position. If not, there could be a little difficulty.



End of a great adventure. America's first Spaceman being hauled into a waiting helicopter.

There seemed to be no water coming into the capsule anywhere, but there were all kinds of gurgling sounds and there might, for all I knew, have been small leaks. But there was clearly nothing.

I was pleased then to see that the capsule was slowly swinging up to its proper position.

As soon as I knew the radio antenna was well clear of the water I sent a message that I was fine.

I took off my lap belt and loosened my helmet so that I could take it off when I went out of the door. Leaving the capsule for the helicopter had been the plan all the way.

### Last look around

I was getting ready to take a final reading on all the capsule instruments when the chopper pilot called and said that he was right above me.

I heard the hook catch hold in the top of the capsule. "O.K.," the pilot called, "you've got two minutes to come out."

I took off the helmet, disconnected the communications lead and took a last look around the capsule.

It was a fine capsule and I was grateful.

I opened up the door and came out, head first, looking up towards the chopper, reaching for the sling that would haul me up those last 25 feet.

Sitting in a bucket seat on the way back to the carrier I felt relieved and happy. I knew I had done a pretty good job, and it had all worked out even better than we thought it would.

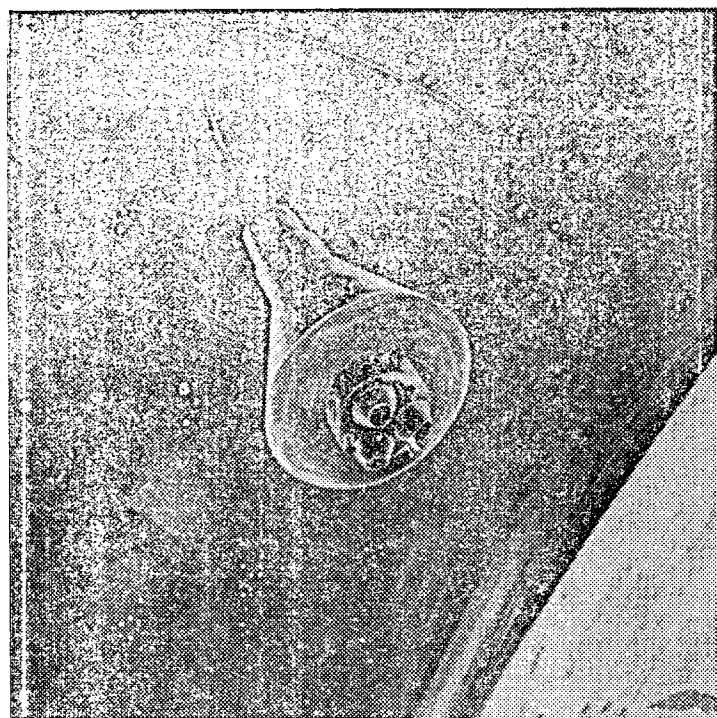
### Where the whole world could watch us

The Mercury systems were good and I had a fine and effective ride. We had brought off a good one, right out in the open where the whole world could watch us take our chances.

I looked down and saw a great press of people covering the after-part of the deck, jammed in among the planes and packed all over the island.

I remember at this point thinking, "Well, here are all these people yelling for me," and I thought of a lot of other men who deserved to share that moment with me.

I had a great sense of gladness and humility.



An artist's impression of the capsule in flight

Still, the view through the right-hand port was spectacular.

The sky was very dark blue and the clouds a brilliant white.

Between me and the clouds was something that looked hazy; it was the refraction of the various layers of the atmosphere.

The re-entry G forces built up and hit me a little before I was quite ready for them.

In that long plunge back to earth, I was pushed back into the couch with a force about ten times the pull of gravity.

the capsule had slowed to about 300 miles an hour, and I had known all along from talking to base that my trajectory was good and that the capsule was going to hit right in the centre of the recovery area.

But a lot of things still had to happen before I could stretch out and take it easy. I began to concentrate quite heavily on the parachutes.

A small stabilising chute called a drogue is supposed to come out of the neck of the capsule at 21,000 ft.



# Desert Island Quiz

## With Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday in charge

DESKS and chairs give even the breeziest quizzes a touch of the schoolroom flavour. Now for a complete breakaway. In *Friday Island*, beginning on Associated-Rediffusion children's programmes on 23rd June, the setting will be a desert island. The competitors will puzzle out the answers against a backing of tropical undergrowth, the lashing of waves, and the screams of seagulls.

Giving me the news, Producer Jim Pople said: "The questions won't be so much to do with general knowledge as with the identification of everyday things—the sort of things that might get washed up from wrecks. And not only identifying, but—in the case of bits of machinery or household gadgets—putting them together again."

Two teams will compete week by week, a boy and a girl in each. The questionmaster will be Robinson Crusoe, played by Mike Hall, who is the son of bandleader Henry Hall. Checking the answers will be—who do you think? Man Friday, looking remarkably like our old friend Peter Ling.



Mike Hall and Peter Ling

From time to time, when Crusoe and Friday (who are seen in our picture) get up a gum tree, so to speak, a guest expert will be landed on the island to give specialist advice. Every question, by the way, will have a time limit. Luckily, Robinson Crusoe has a stop-watch which still goes.



## MAN WHO MADE INSECTS

### Queer happenings of a century ago

IN this Thursday's edition of *Court of Enquiry* on BBC Junior TV, Court President Valentine Dyll and his co-judges will take us back to 1837, the first year of Queen Victoria's reign, and the amazing happenings in the little Somerset village of Broomfield in the Quantock Hills.

The squire, Andrew Crosse, was an amateur chemist who dabbled in electricity. One day he did some tests with a new form of crystal derived from the rocks of Mount Vesuvius. He put them in a chemical solution through which he proceeded to pass an electric current.

Within a day or two he was startled to see insects crawling out. Had Andrew Crosse succeeded in creating life, quite by chance, and was he entitled to call himself the Insect Maker? That is for the Court—and viewers—to find out.

# Winner who gave Battle of Hastings as 1067

SINCE Gordon Luck took over from Jeremy Hawk as questionmaster in Granada's *Junior Criss Cross Quiz* three weeks ago, he has been finding the job rather more tricky than *It's Wizard*.

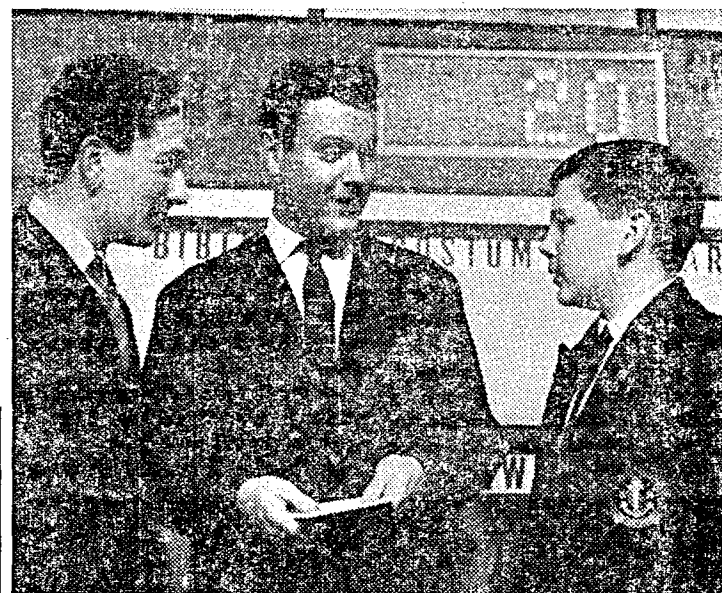
"In *It's Wizard*," said Gordon, "I had to deal with only one boy—Jeremy Purser. Now I have to cope with seven boys and girls in every programme, getting to know them within an hour of transmission and having to remember all their names, too!"

What surprises him is that boys and girls are seldom overawed by the experience. "You'd think that the idea of going on TV, meeting

new people in strange surroundings, and standing in front of floodlights and cameras, would make them tongue-tied. Not a bit of it! Most children take to TV very easily."

But sometimes the highest-scoring competitors are the most nervous. There was Richard Sandler, a recent champion who won a bicycle and L.P. records worth £10. He is on left of the picture.

"Before the programme started," said Richard, "Gordon put a few test questions just to get me used to answering. I was so scared that I gave the Battle of Hastings as 1067!"



Gordon Luck with two competitors in a recent *Junior Criss Cross Quiz*

## FREE-ENTRY COMPETITION... WITH A DOUBLE 1st-PRIZE!

WIN A COMPLETE SET OF ARTHUR MEE'S FAMOUS CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR YOUR SCHOOL—AND A BICYCLE FOR YOURSELF



Ten Other Prizes Must be Won!

ANOTHER wonderful opportunity for C N readers to gain a DOUBLE PRIZE! The winner will receive a gleaming new Hercules bicycle—and a 10-volume set of Arthur Mee's *Children's Encyclopedia*, value £25 18s. 6d., will be presented to his or her school. Ten other prizes of 10s. 6d. book tokens will be awarded to runners-up.

The competition is open to all readers under the age of 17 and at school in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Channel Islands.

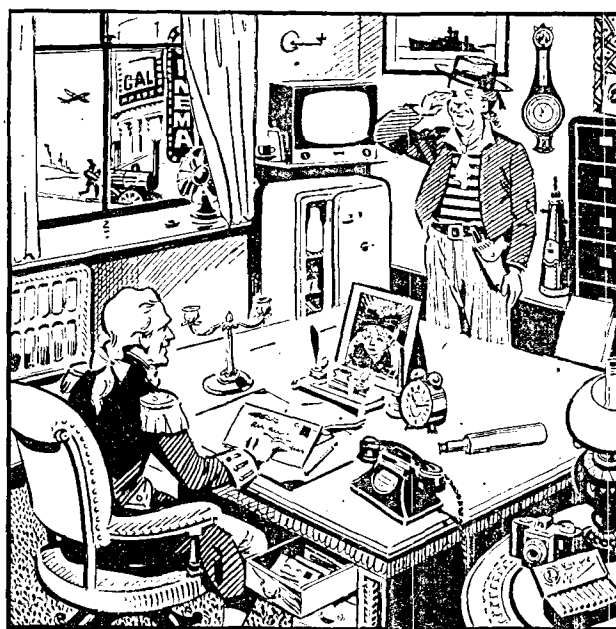
**HOW TO ENTER:** On the right we show a scene at the Admiralty—at the time of the Battle of Trafalgar, 1805. Some of the objects in the room obviously should not be there, because they belong to a later period—the telephone is one. Can you spot eleven others, to make twelve in all?

Make a neat, numbered list of your answers on a postcard. (There are more than twelve objects out of place in the picture but we want you to list twelve only, remember!) Add your full name, age, and address—plus the name and address of your school. The Free Entry Token shown below must then be cut out and stuck to the postcard. Please ask your parent, guardian, or teacher to sign the entry as being your own, unaided work, then post it (2½d. stamp) to:

C N "1805" Puzzle,  
3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.)

to reach this office by Monday, 26th June.

The prizes will be awarded for the entries which are correct and neatest, according to age. The Editor's decision is final.



Attach this token to your entry. CLOSING DATE: 26th June.



Free entry to C N COMPETITION

## LOOKING INTO SPACE

PATRICK MOORE makes a welcome return to BBC Junior TV next Monday in *Seeing Stars*. Adventures in space will be the opening theme of this new monthly series. Few young viewers get a chance to watch Patrick Moore's late night TV talks, *The Sky At Night*, but here is a fine opportunity to see and hear him in action again.

How will the first true space travellers equip themselves? This is only one of the topics to be raised in Monday's programme, which will also tackle such questions as lunar probes, Earth satellites, and the first unmanned rocket to Venus.

With help from photos and diagrams Patrick Moore will give viewers an idea of what the Moon's surface will look like to the pioneering exploring parties when they land.

## TELEPHONISTS ON TELEVISION

WHAT gives a girl an attractive personality? One way to find out is to watch the final of the *Miss Interflora G.P.O.* 1961 competition on BBC television this Thursday evening.

Thousands of telephonists and telegraphists all over the country have been judged in regional rounds, marks being given for

## Keeping viewers in suspense

THE BBC have decided to keep viewers guessing with an exciting new rocket film, *A Call On Kuprin*, which comes on the air at 7.30 p.m. on Sunday. Although only 90 minutes long, it is being split into two parts. The second instalment will be saved for the following Sunday.

John Gregson plays Smith, a young journalist accompanying Laye Parke, M.P. (played by Marius Goring) on a mission to Moscow just as the Russians are putting another man into orbit.

Their aim is to persuade a leading rocket scientist named Kuprin (Eric Portman) to return to Britain, where he got his scientific training at Cambridge. Smith's attention is deflected from rockets for a time when he falls in love with Vera, a Russian girl, played by Natasha Parry.

courtesy and clarity of speech, appearance, and intelligence. Last year's winner was Ann Drew of Bristol. Her prize was a Mediterranean cruise.

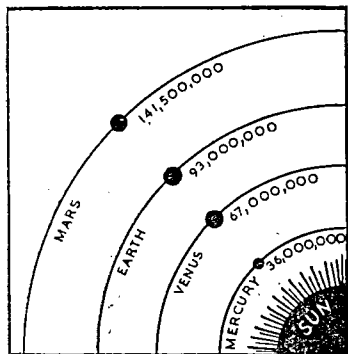
The twelve finalists will be interviewed before the cameras in the Television Theatre, with Kenneth Horne as chairman.



# HOW FAR AWAY IS THE SUN?

MOST astronomical books state that the distance between the Earth and the Sun is 93 million miles. This is more or less correct. Of course, the figure refers to the average distance, known technically as the *astronomical unit*; the Earth's orbit is not a perfect circle, and during northern Summer we are actually at our most remote from the Sun.

For many reasons it is desirable to measure the length of the astronomical unit very accurately. There is no great difficulty in drawing up an accurate scale model of the Solar System; the trouble lies in finding the real values in miles. During 1961 some new methods have been brought into use, and have given



Planetary orbits and distances from the Sun

us much more reliable results than any which have been obtained before.

What scientists have done is to make very careful measurements of the distance of the planet Venus. They have sent out radar pulses from Earth and "bounced" these pulses off Venus; by seeing how long the radar waves take to travel to Venus and back, the distance of Venus itself may be worked out. (Radar waves, of course, move at the same speed as light—186,000 miles per second.)

Once we know all about the orbit of Venus, we can calculate the orbit of the Earth, too, since we have our "scale model" available. The result, according to Russian astronomers, is that the Earth's mean distance from the Sun is 92,868,000 miles. Within the next few years there is every reason to hope that even more accurate figures will be obtained.

## Long-standing riddle

While carrying out these experiments, the Russians obtained information about another long-standing riddle: the problem of the rotation of Venus. As we can never see the planet's actual surface, because of the dense and cloudy atmosphere above it, we have never been able to find out how long Venus takes to spin on its axis. The American astronomer G. P. Kuiper has suggested that the "day" there may be about 30 times as long as on Earth. Since the "year" on Venus is only 224½ Earth-days, there would be only seven or eight "days" in every

## LOOKING AT THE SKY WITH PATRICK MOORE

"year"! Other scientists, however, believe the rotation period to be much shorter.

The Russian radar methods have led them to give a rotation period of only 10 Earth-days. If this is correct, each Venus year will include about 22 "days." But it is too early to claim that the result is a really reliable one.

Venus is still a very conspicuous object in the morning sky. If you get up before sunrise and look to the east, you cannot mistake it; Venus is so much brighter than any other star or planet, and looks almost like a small lamp. Through a telescope, the planet looks rather like a tiny half-moon. During July and August it will become more nearly "full," and will remain brilliant until well into the Autumn.

## Venus rocket

There is still no real news of the Venus rocket launched by the Russians on 12th February this year. It is believed that the vehicle passed within 70,000 miles of Venus in mid-May, but unfortunately there have been no radio signals from it for several months, and it does not look as though anything more will be heard of it. It may be that there has been a fault in the transmitting equipment carried on board, or it may be that the rocket has been hit by a meteor; we simply do not know, and probably we never will.

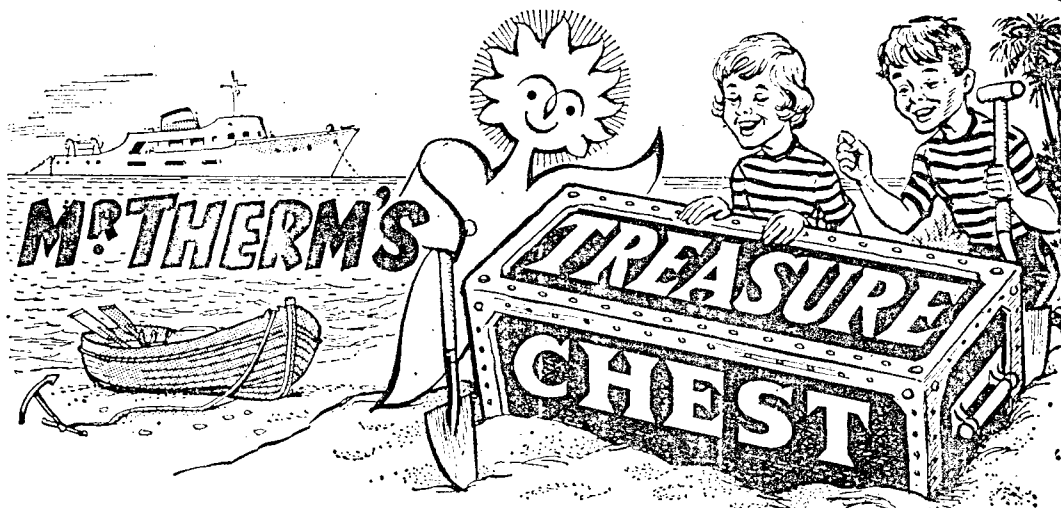
About 20th May, the Russians sent a message to the British radio astronomers at Jodrell Bank, asking them to see whether they could pick up any signals from the rocket. At Jodrell Bank, in Cheshire, is the largest radio telescope in the world—a giant metal "dish" with a diameter of 250 feet.

## Unidentified signals

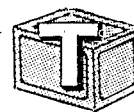
Neither the Russians nor the Americans have any instrument so powerful as this, and space-scientists all over the world rely on Jodrell Bank to help them in tracking satellites and rocket probes.

The workers at Jodrell Bank did their best, and recorded some signals which were not easy to identify, but it does not seem very likely that they came from the Venus rocket.

It is a great pity that the rocket has been lost, because if its transmitters had kept on working it could have sent back extremely valuable information. However, failures are to be expected every now and then—and at least the launching procedure was carried out satisfactorily, which is in itself a considerable triumph. The experience gained will be of great assistance next time a rocket is sent out towards Venus.



There are no limits to the wonderful things Mr. Therm provides for us all!



THE great windjammers which sailed between Australia and England in the last century were the first places where mechanical refrigeration was used. This enabled them to bring back vast quantities of meat to England and soon all over the world refrigeration brought great benefits to mankind. Mr. Therm, as always, was quick to adapt his own particular talents to refrigerators and to-day a gas refrigerator is a welcome friend in thousands of households.

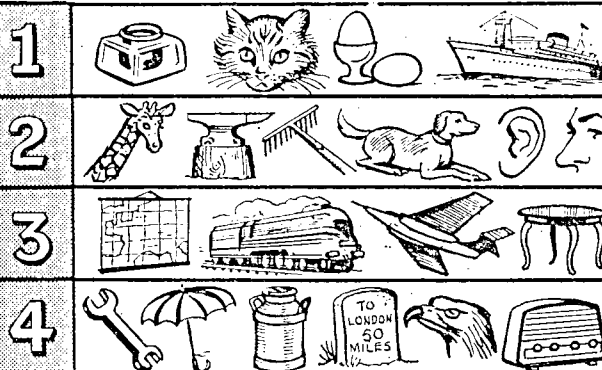


MUMMY finds it a great boon for keeping salads, milk and meat fresh in hot weather. There's no danger of germs when food is in a gas refrigerator. It's such fun in the summer when you're playing in the garden to know that there are lovely cool drinks and ices waiting for you. A gas refrigerator gives years of service at very little cost. Mr. Therm's friendly flame accomplishes the miracle of cooling in his usual silent, efficient way. Cool Mr. Therm!

Issued by the Gas Council.



## DON'T FORGET OUR COMPETITION!



### HERE'S WHAT TO DO

These panels each spell the name of something mentioned in the story above, and you can find what they are by writing down the initial letters only of the objects in the order they are shown. Make a neat, numbered list of your answers on a postcard, add your full name, age and address, then post it to: Mr. Therm's Treasure Chest No. 8, Children's Newspaper, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

£2 2s. Book Tokens will be awarded for the three nearest correct entries (with writing according to age taken into consideration) received by Friday, 23rd June.

### MORE "TREASURE CHEST" WINNERS!

The winners of our Treasure Chest Competition No. 3 were Sylvia Fall of Briggswath, John Hopwood of Leeds and David Jennings of Maldon.

## GAS MAKES HOMES HOMELIER!





## NELSON

## FORTHCOMING

## Magic!

**JACK LANGHAM** What boy doesn't want to know conjuring tricks to spring on his family? Here are hundreds of them, clearly explained and fully illustrated. *June 29 12s 6d*

## Eagles' Nest

**ELISABETH KYLE** Strange how many people seemed to be interested in the pair of golden eagles just returned to their eyrie in the glen in Galloway. Were they simply concerned that the eaglet should be reared in safety? Or was there another reason for their constant visits to ruined Clattershaw Castle? Line drawings throughout by Juliette Palmer. *June 29 10s 6d*

## No Mystery for the Maitlands

**JOAN BALLANTYNE** The woman said: 'Some people, would say you were a busy-body.' 'So I am,' Helen said cheerfully. And so she was. And though Tim and Jane dithered a bit over the Manners Mystery, readers of *Holiday Trench and Kidnappers at Coombe* will not need to be told that dithering automatically ended as soon as Helen arrived to take over. Illustrated by Wendy Marchant. *June 29 12s 6d*

## Make Your Own Soft Toys

**PHYLLIS CHAPPEL** This book contains detailed instructions on step-by-step methods for completing simply-made yet very popular toys—teddy bear, cat, dog, monkey, glove puppets, dolls. The author is a handicraft teacher who has also written articles, given talks on the B.B.C. and shown her toys on television. Illustrated in line and halftone. *July 27 6s*

## ALREADY PUBLISHED

## The Young Fanny Burney

**WINIFRED GÉRIN** Readers of all ages who have not yet made the acquaintance of Fanny Burney will find Miss GÉRIN's book a warm-hearted introduction to that delightful young woman... The narrative, with its sparing use of dates and documentation (though with nice touches of period decoration) flows like a novel... The book is delightfully produced and illustrated. *Yorkshire Post* 18pp of halftones. *12s 6d*

## NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF

## GREAT PRINCESS

*The Young Elizabeth*, by Jean Plaidy (Max Parrish, 10s. 6d.)

A SPLENDID addition to the series of "Famous Childhoods" is this account of our great Tudor Queen's girlhood. Growing up amid the intrigues of Henry the Eighth's court, sometimes in peril of her very life, Elizabeth triumphed over all the dangers and soon showed the strength of character which enabled her to lead England into a glorious era. The tragic little princess is brought vividly to life in these pages, with their colourful background of Tudor pageantry and plotting.

## AN ELEPHANT REMEMBERS

*The Circus Comes to School*, by Sylvia Little (Nelson, 3s. 6d.)

GLOOM hangs over Manor School, which is likely to close for want of funds for expansion. To Fran and her friends it seems the end of everything, and the future looks bleak indeed. There is a happy outcome to their problems when a travelling circus comes on the scene, bringing with it an elephant which remembers an Indian girl, one of the pupils. Such a cheery story suggests that it might be a good thing if circuses could visit schools more often.

## GIRL DETECTIVE

*Caroline and the Auction Sale Mystery*, by Pamela Mansbridge (Dent, 12s. 6d.)

IN this third story of Caroline we find her on her way home for the holidays when she overhears two fellow-travellers in the train having a discussion about books. Later on, encountering the same two men at an auction sale in which old books are being sold, she feels certain that she is on the track of something curious. There is, indeed, a puzzling mystery for a schoolgirl detective to grapple with, but at last all the clues lead to a most satisfactory solution.

## ARMADA DAYS

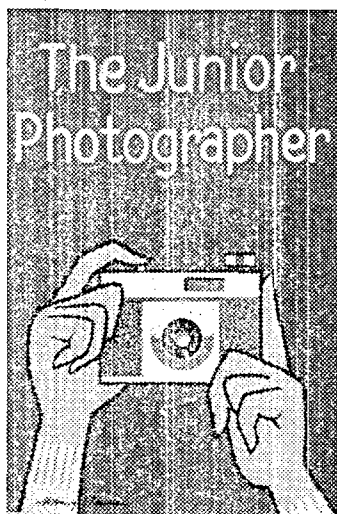
*Queen's Champion*, by Shaun Sutton (Arnold, 12s. 6d.)

EVERYONE who enjoyed this tale as a television serial will be glad to recapture its excitement in the book version. There is thrilling action all through this tale of the men around Queen Elizabeth in the days when the Spanish Armada threatened the very existence of the nation. There was treachery in the land, but it was overcome by the bravery and devotion of those who served the great queen.

## WEEK OFF

*Runaway*, by Harry Kullman (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

WHAT does an imaginative boy do when he finds himself left to his own devices for a whole week in a great city? In this Swedish story we learn what young Helger does. Due to spend a holiday with his aunt and uncle, he is left alone because they are called away to Spain. With all Stockholm at his feet, he finds plenty of adventures, and plenty of chance to get into trouble, before it is time to return to his homely overcrowded tenement.



The striking jacket of an excellent new book by Carlton Wallace which will help young photographers to get the best possible results. (Evans 15s.)

## LIVELY ENGINE-DRIVER

*The White Rat and His Fireman*, by Etienne Cattin (University of London Press, 15s.)

READERS in search of something "different" should be happy with this prize-winning book translated from the French. The hero, known as the White Rat, is a quaint little character who, in the days of steam, drove one of those monster locomotives which used to roar along the main lines of France. He and his young fireman Toto are a formidable pair, prone to exceeding the speed limit when they are in the mood. But White Rat runs foul of an official at the depot, and the clashes between these two adversaries make an hilarious tale. With it all there is a good deal of the lore of the steam-engine which will appeal to young train-spotters.

## ESCAPED APE

*A Stranger at Green Knowe*, by L. M. Boston (Faber, 13s. 6d.)

THERE is a great hue and cry for Hanno, a gorilla escaped from the London Zoo, but although Ping knows his hiding place, he is determined not to let him return to captivity—despite the feeding problem. The adventures of boy and huge ape will hold readers captive to the last page in this latest of the Green Knowe stories.

## Other recommended books

ENGINES AND HOW THEY WORK, by Geoffrey Boumphrey—from the days of the Greeks to the rocket engine, with hundreds of diagrams (Vista Books, 25s.)

MODERN SCIENCE DICTIONARY, compiled by A. Hechtlinger and edited by Dr. W. P. Abbott—definitions of some 16,000 scientific and technical terms in current use (Chatto and Windus, 25s.)

A CAREER IN ARCHITECTURE, by Michael Patrick and Michael Tree—a guide for possible students (Museum Press, 15s.)

SKETCHING AND PAINTING OUT OF DOORS, by Adrian Hill (Blandford Press, 9s. 6d.)

DEEP DOWN, by Garry Hogg—great achievements in pot-holing (Hutchinson, 13s. 6d.)

CHESS TACTICS FOR BEGINNERS, by R. G. Wade, Raymond Bott, and Stanley Morrison (Oak Tree Press, 10s. 6d.)

## WORKING DOG

*Hill Dog*, by Eric Halsall (Blackie, 10s. 6d.)

THE thrilling spectacle of a well-trained sheepdog going about his task is a matchless example of animal sagacity and the mystic partnership between a man and his dog. This is a fine story of life on a farm amid the bleak North Country hills. It begins with the puppy Rhaq learning his trade—and an apt pupil he makes, for he was born with the instincts of a long line of Border Collies. As time went on all kinds of exciting events happened on the moorland, and Rhaq played a leading part in them. Here is a book for all dog-lovers.

## ALL SAILS SET

*The Slaver's Apprentice*, by Captain Frank Knight (Macmillan, 13s. 6d.)

THIS rousing story tells of the experiences of a Bristol lad who signed on as apprentice in a slave ship towards the end of the 18th century. At that time the Abolitionists, led by William Wilberforce, were striving to put an end to the shameful traffic, and as we were at war with France there were troubles ahead for the young seaman and his shipmates. It was a voyage with enough action and excitement to satisfy the most enthusiastic armchair sailor.

## Space Age Fiction



The jacket of a thrilling mystery yarn set on an island in the Hebrides. (Burke, 3s. 6d.)

## CASTAWAYS IN LILLIPUT

Henry Winterfeld

After two hours of drifting helplessly in a rubber raft that has been carried out of sight of the Australian coast, Peggy, Jim and their friend Ralph, were overjoyed when they ran aground on a sandy shore. But their joy turned to bewilderment when they found they had landed on Lilliput—a country they thought existed only in *Gulliver's Travels*. Illustrated. *12s. 6d.*

## BY THE SHORES OF SILVER LAKE

Laura Ingalls Wilder

This book is one of a series which has been called "one of the phenomenal achievements of modern literature for children." It is a thrilling story that relates the experiences of the author's own family in the pioneer days of the American West. Superbly illustrated with Garth Williams' magnificent pictures. *12s. 6d.*

## WHELDON THE WEED

Peter Jones

Terry Trotter's inside information about Form IIIB at the co-ed Secondary Modern School will keep his readers in stitches from start to finish. An hilariously funny book. Illustrated. *9s. 6d.*

## ROUND-UP ON EXMOOR

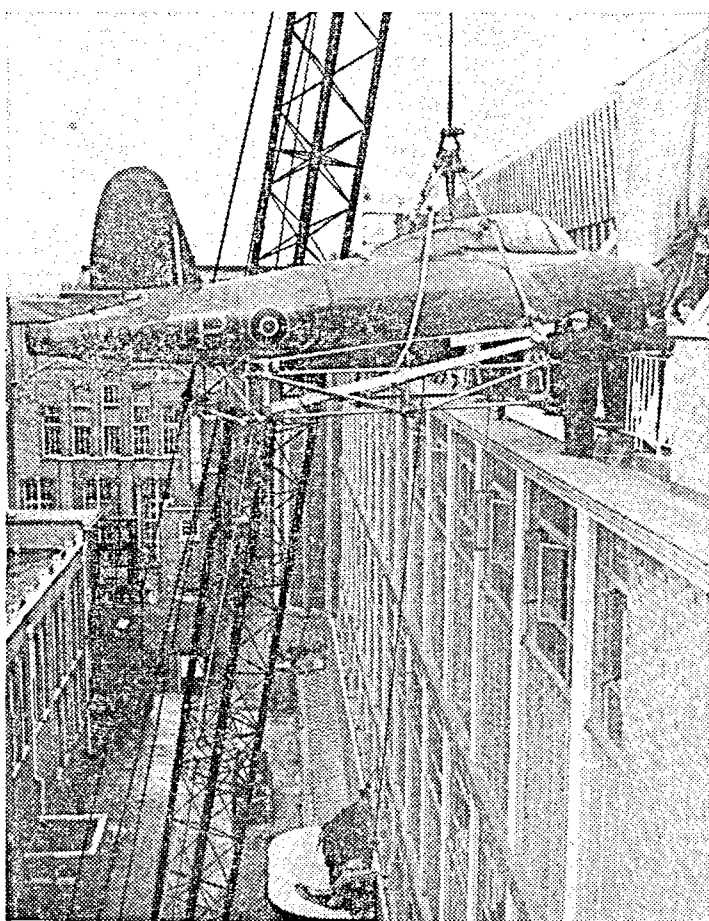
Mary de la Mahotiere

In this book Roberta, Sammy and Billy, whom readers first met in *The Newspaper Children*, are invited to join in a round-up on Exmoor in appreciation of their work delivering newspapers to farms. Illustrated. *9s. 6d.*

Lutterworth Press  
4 Bouverie Street, E.C.4

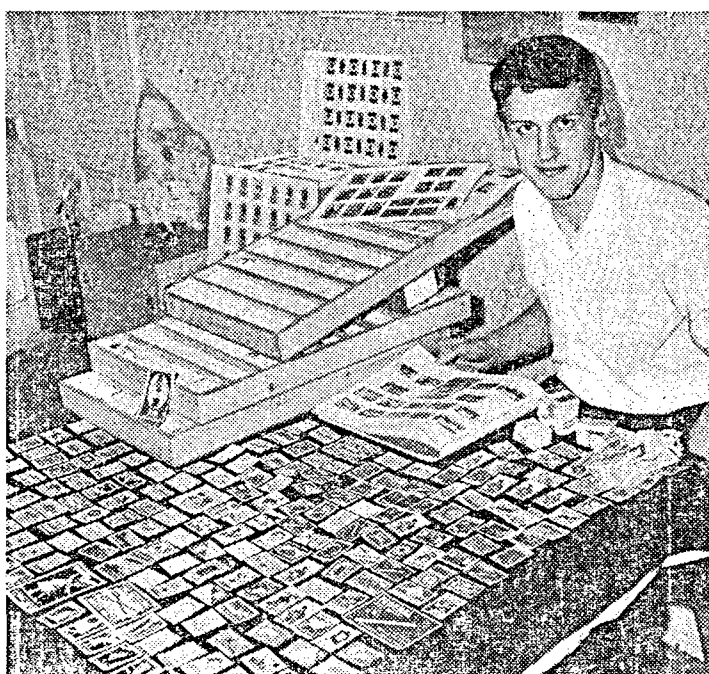


# Out and about with the cameramen



## Moving into the Museum

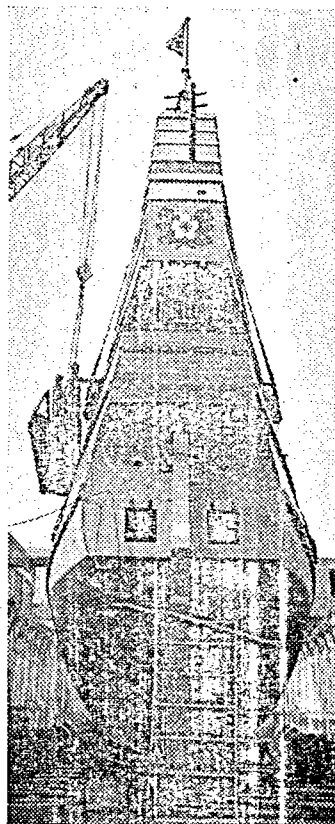
This fuselage of a Gloster Meteor is being moved to a new place in London's Science Museum. The whole National Aeronautical Collection has been transferred to a hangar-like hall built on top of the new Central block.



## HIS 50,000 MATCHBOX LABELS

John Wakeman of Plumstead (London) is a keen collector of matchbox labels. He has 50,000 specimens from all over the world. He began his hobby—phillumeny, as it is called—five years ago, and his collection includes 18,000 labels from Russia.

## STERN VIEW OF THE MAYFLOWER



This replica of the Mayflower, the little vessel which carried the Pilgrim Fathers to the New World in 1620, is here seen in dry dock at Boston, Massachusetts, during its annual overhaul.

## HELLO, THERE !

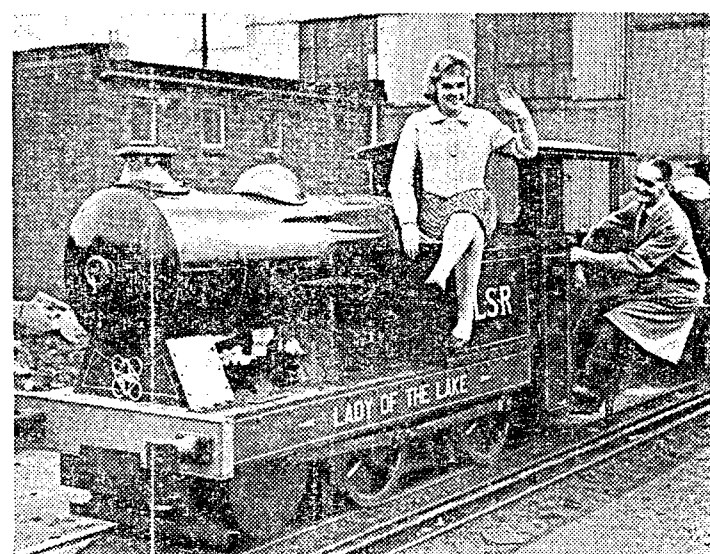


Pride, an old hand at a riding stables at Southall, Middlesex, greets a newcomer.



## Which Twin has the Queen's Guide badge?

The answer is both, for Valerie and Jennifer Agg, 15-year-old twins of the 1st Pembury (Kent) troop, recently became Queen's Guides. The badge of this highest honour in the Girl Guide movement can be seen on Jennifer's left arm.



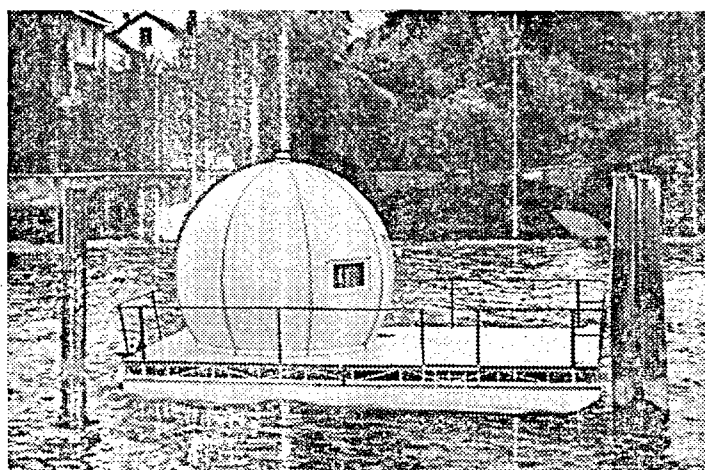
## All ready for the holidays

This engine, a diesel weighing three tons, is one of the kind which pull trainloads of happy children on the miniature railway at many holiday resorts. It is here seen after being overhauled at the works at Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, where it was built 30 years ago.

## TWO'S COMPANY



When Alan Andrews of Petts Wood, Kent, sets off on his paper-round, his pet squirrel is always perched on his shoulder. Alan found the little creature abandoned by its parents when it was only a few days old, and has reared it himself.



## Cruising down the river

Here is a novel kind of craft—a motor-driven boat with globe-shaped living quarters and a deck for diving or sunbathing. The picture was taken on the Rhine at Schaffhausen, Switzerland.



# Butcher bird with its own larder

One of our most interesting Summer bird visitors is the red-backed shrike, which is often called the butcher bird because of its habit of impaling its prey on thorns in a kind of "larder." Indeed, in parts of Essex it is also known as the "larder bird."

The late J. H. Owen, a very able field naturalist, made a special study of the larders of red-backed shrikes, and found a quite remarkable variety of prey animals on them.

MICE, voles, and shrews represented the mammals, and there were also many small birds—some actually taken from the nest, others caught soon after they had left it. They included willow warblers, whitethroats, linnets, and pipits.

Frogs and lizards also occasionally feature in the shrike's larder, but the great bulk of its prey consists of insects, bees, wasps, beetles, and moths. Sometimes the wretched insect is still alive, impaled on the thorn.

The usual site for a larder is a thorn bush, mostly hawthorn or blackthorn, but briars, brambles, or even a barbed-wire fence are occasionally used. I have myself seen a bumble bee impaled on a barbed-wire fence in the Shetland Isles, by a young red-backed shrike on migration.

## Food pinned to thorns

The shrikes really do use their larder as a larder. They pin surplus food to thorns until they are ready to use it, and frequently come and fetch it away. Mr. Owen found that they use their larder to feed their young, especially if they have been kept away from their nest for some time, or are going off for a short spell to feed themselves. They will also resort to it if a

thunderstorm is in the offing and will make it difficult to search for food.

The cock red-backed shrike is one of the handsomest of our smaller birds. About the size of a skylark, it is rufous brown above and creamy below, with a blue-grey head and rump, a broad black stripe through the eye and much white at the sides of the tail. The hen is similar, but duller and lacking the blue-grey head and black stripe. As befits a predatory bird, the shrike's bill is slightly hooked.

## Perching on bushes

Red-backed shrikes on the look-out for prey have a habit of perching on the tops of bushes or small trees, and may be found on heaths, and similar places with plenty of dense thorn and other bushes. In recent years they have been decreasing, but are still not uncommon in parts of the south and east of England, such as East Anglia, the Surrey commons, and the New Forest. You are unlikely, however, to find any as far north as Lancashire and Yorkshire, except on migration.

There is another kind of shrike which visits us only in Winter and is much rarer. This is the great grey shrike from northern

and central Europe—a larger bird (about the size of a black-bird) with black, white, and grey plumage, that also has the habit of sitting prominently on bush tops on the look-out for prey.

The great grey shrike is also a butcher bird, but we do not often see its larders here. It catches much larger prey, even birds of its own size such as the blackbird, song thrush, and fieldfare.

An even rarer shrike visitor is the woodchat shrike from the Mediterranean, which comes to us chiefly as a straggler in Spring. It is a very black-and-white bird, with chestnut on the head.

RICHARD FITTER



Red-backed shrike family in a nest among the brambles  
Eric Hosking

## Record player for a reader

Congratulations to Hilary Partington, Rochdale, Lancashire, who has won the First Prize in the Farmyard competition of 13th May. Hilary wins a record player for herself and a set of Arthur Mee's *Children's Encyclopedia* for her school.

Book Tokens go to the following runners-up: Elise Allan, Leeds; Colin Bull, London, N.15; Hilary Cooper, Coventry; Ruth Grant, Aberdeen; Margaret Halliday, Thornhill; Christine Leechman, Stapleford; Derek Marshall, Glasgow; Peter Menzies, Prestwick; Rita Nash, East Barnet; and Arthur Reynolds, Ilford.

# ON RECORD

## New discs to note

PIERRE MONTEUX: *Haydn Symphonies 94 and 101*, on RCA RB16242. The Symphony Number 94 is the one known as the "Surprise," because the main theme of the second movement, a quiet one, ends with a sudden bang from the full orchestra. Apart from this sudden interruption this is one of this composer's more soothing works and it has passages of great beauty. Number 101 is the "Clock" symphony—great fun with its "ticking" rhythm travelling around the orchestra. The performance of the Vienna Philharmonic is flawless. (LP. 38s. 1½d.)

GEORGE GREELEY: *Piano Italiano* on Warner WM4036. Pianist Greeley now lives in America, but he was born in Italy and in this recording he returns to the music of his homeland, playing with the orchestra and mandolin chorus such melodies as *Mattinata* and *Arrivederci Roma*. (LP. 35s. 9½d.)

RONNIE RONALDE: *Edelweiss and The Lonely Goatherd* on Columbia DB4644. Here are two songs from "The Sound of Music" which are particularly suited to Ronnie Ronalde. He can whistle, sing, and yodel to his heart's content. (45. 6s.)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: *There's A Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon For New York* on HMV POP858.



The sand-paper voice of Louis Armstrong fits perfectly into the mood of this George Gershwin song, from *Porgy and Bess*. He makes the boat trip sound as though it could be great fun. (45. 6s. 4d.)

CHARLES MACKERRAS: *Les Sylphides* on Columbia SED5571.



Charles Mackerras was at one time conductor for the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and he is always at his best with a ballet score. For this selection of

Chopin he has chosen the Prelude in A and two waltzes. It will delight every lover of ballet. (EP. 12s. 3½d.)

DANIEL FARSON: *Music Hall* on Fontana TFL5043. Daniel Farson is narrator and guide in this nostalgic tour which introduces the listener to the wonderful stars and songs of the heyday of music hall. Many of the songs are often heard today, but a number of them will be unfamiliar to youngsters. Albert Whelan, G. H. Elliot, and Hetty King are just a few of the grand artists to be heard on this unusual disc. (LP. 35s. 9½d.)

ELLA FITZGERALD: *Rodgers and Hart Song Book* on HMV 7EG8680. In company with Lorenzo Hart, the great Richard Rodgers was responsible for many successes in the thirties, long before he became famous as the composer of *Oklahoma*, *South Pacific*, and *Carousel*. Some of the best of them are here, and Ella Fitzgerald's rendering of them is a joy to hear. (EP. 10s. 7½d.)

THE RAMRODS: *Take Me Back To My Boots And Saddle* on London HLU9355. This is a rousing Western-style song well in keeping with the Ramrods' cowboy harmonising. On the other side is *Loch Lomond Rock*. (45. 6s. 4d.)

# GEORGE STEPHENSON—Father of the world's railways (Final instalment)

GEORGE REFUSED TO BE DRAWN INTO THE WILD SCHEMES OF SPECULATORS.



HIS LAST TRIUMPH WAS THE OPENING OF HIS TRENT VALLEY RAILWAY. SIR ROBERT PEELE, THE FORMER PRIME MINISTER, ATTENDED THE CELEBRATION PARTY TO THE NOW FAMOUS ENGINEER.



CONTENT WITH A MODERATE FORTUNE HE SPENT HIS LAST FEW YEARS ON HIS COUNTRY ESTATE NEAR CHESTERFIELD.



GEORGE STEPHENSON DIED IN 1848, LEAVING RAILWAYS TO SPREAD ACROSS THE WORLD, OPENING UP REGIONS THEN HARDLY EXPLORED.



STARTING NEXT WEEK—THE TRUE STORY OF KIT CARSON, HERO OF THE WILD WEST





# JUST LIKE JENNINGS

by Anthony Buckeridge

Jennings and his friends are making an imaginary ascent of Mount Everest on the back stairs when they find a cat which Mr. Wilkins' sister has left in his charge. Unaware of Mr. Wilkins' arrangements, and assuming the cat to be a stray, the boys decide to take it to the police station after it has left an imprint of muddy pawmarks on a sheet which Jennings was using as a tent.

## 16. The Vanishing Footprints

MR. WILKINS spent the early part of the afternoon making books in the staff room and it was not until after four o'clock that he went up to his study to see to the comfort of his feline guest. Surprised at finding the room empty, he hurried to the window and scanned the flat roof beyond. Most mysterious, he thought. Where on earth...? And then he saw the ivy branch and realised that an agile cat could

Matron nodded.

"Well, unfortunately it's gone off somewhere and I'm worried in case it gets lost. However, I've just picked up a clue which leads me to think I'm on its tracks... I've found its footprints."

A mental picture of his colleague following the trail on all-fours and sniffing like a bloodhound was too much for Mr. Carter. He repressed a smile and said: "Splendid! Where did you find them?"

"In Dormitory four. I looked in a little while ago and there were muddy pawmarks on the exposed end of the sheet on the bed by the window. That proves that the cat must have been in there during the afternoon because the rain didn't start until lunch-time." He gave a significant nod to underline the importance of his observations; but instead of being impressed his audience were inclined to pick holes in his theory.

"The dormitory door has been

"Sir, please, sir, are you giving village leave now the rain's stopped?" he jerked out breathlessly. "And if so, please may Darbshire and I have per to go, sir?"

"H'm. You seem in a great hurry, Jennings."

"No, not really, sir. I—er—just wanted to get per quickly in case it started raining again and you changed your mind."

"All right, then. Off you go and don't be late for tea."

"No, sir, rather not, sir."

As Jennings turned to go, Mr. Wilkins resumed his interrupted conversation. "And as for that business in Dormitory four, I can show you the evidence if you'll come along and have a look."

## Reversing the sheet

Jennings stiffened in apprehension. Why this sudden interest in Dormitory 4. Had Mr. Wilkins seen something to rouse his suspicions? And if Matron was going to inspect the room it was essential to make sure that the bed by the window had been re-made properly and that the sheet bore no sign of having been used for an illegal purpose. With this in mind the boy scurried away like a cat up a drainpipe and bounded up the stairs two at a time, flung open the dormitory door, and skated across to his bed.

Sure enough, Temple had replaced the sheet the wrong way up so that the pawmarks were clearly visible on the exposed portion at the top where it was turned down over the blankets.

Tut! Temple must be bonkers! Jennings fumed in exasperation as he tore back the covers and hastily reversed the tell-tale sheet, tucking the soiled end in at the foot of the bed so that it was no longer visible.

Then he hurried from the room, closing the door behind him, and descended to the ground floor in search of Darbshire.

## "See for yourselves"

It was only to set Mr. Wilkins' mind at rest that Matron and Mr. Carter agreed to accompany him upstairs to the dormitory. He resented their suggestion that he must have been mistaken in what he had seen and was anxious to show them that he, L. P. Wilkins, Esq., was the sort of man who knew what he was talking about.

He flung open the dormitory door and stood aside for Matron to enter first. "Go ahead and see for yourselves," he said. "You can't argue with evidence like that!"

There were six beds in the room and Matron glanced at all of them

shut every time I've passed it," Mr. Carter pointed out.

"Well, it probably came in through the window, landed on the bed and then—er—well, then it must have gone out the same way."

"Quite impossible," said Matron. "I shut all the dormitory windows before lunch when it looked like raining."

If this was true, how could the wretched animal have gained access to the room?

"Come and look for yourselves if you don't believe me," Mr. Wilkins suggested. "I tell you the evidence is there in black and white for all to see—well, grey and white, anyway."

At that moment there came a slither of juvenile footwear as Jennings came sliding along the landing like a skater on an ice rink. Seeing the grown-ups he waved his arms in frantic braking movements and skidded to an emergency stop just short of the master on duty.



Mr. Wilkins stared down in utter bewilderment at the bed

have made its way along this escape route to some other part of the premises.

He was annoyed but not unduly worried. The cat couldn't be far away. It was just a question of searching until he found it.

With this in mind he looked in all the rooms on the same floor to see if by chance his quarry was still close at hand. In all but one he drew a blank, but on entering Dormitory 4 he was delighted to find a clue which convinced him he was on the right track. For some while he searched the building without result, and on retracing his steps to the first floor landing he found Mr. Carter chatting with Matron as she checked the laundry.

Matron glanced up as Mr. Wilkins approached and said: "You look very serious. Is anything wrong?"

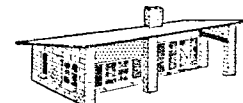
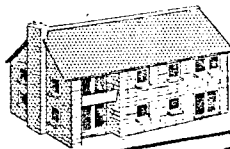
"Not wrong exactly," he replied. "You remember my telling you at lunch about my sister leaving me her Siamese cat to look after?"



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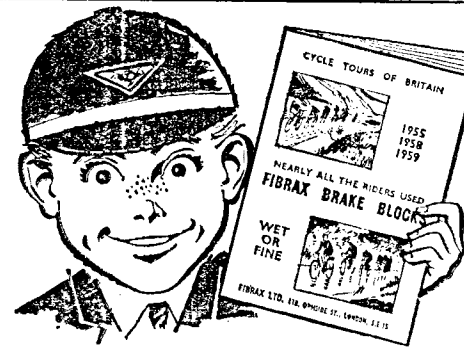
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Continued on page 10



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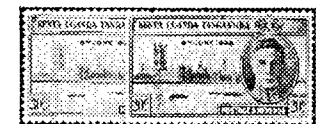
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## WORLD OF STAMPS

# The Colombo Plan of help for others

A DREAM has come true for Sir Percy Spender, at one time Australian Minister for External Affairs.

The story begins 11 years ago—in May 1950—when a meeting of Commonwealth Foreign Ministers was held in Colombo, Ceylon, to discuss ways of helping the poorer

surely the attack on poverty, disease, and malnutrition is making progress. "For me," says Sir Percy, "the Plan is a dream come true."

Now, to mark the tenth anniversary of the Colombo Plan, both Canada and Australia are issuing new stamps. The Australian design shows the badge of the Colombo Plan. Machinery is represented by the cog-wheel and Agriculture by the ears of corn, while the torch stands for the knowledge gained by students under the Plan.

The Canadian stamp shows two men holding a blue-print, with a dam and hydro-electric power plant in the background. It is likely that the designer of the

industry of the Northern Territory. It shows an Australian stockman—or cowboy—rounding up a lively steer.



A NEW value has been added to the United Nations series of definitive stamps. Its face value, 30 cents, is the postage rate on one ounce airmail letters from New York to Europe and North Africa.

The design, with its jumble of flags, looks a little strange in black and white; but in full colour—red, yellow, blue, green, and orange on a pale grey background—the stamp is very attractive.

AMONG the prizewinners at the recent Philatelic Congress of Great Britain was the name of John Swanborough, of Chippenham, who was Junior Champion in the C.N. Stamp Competition two years ago.

John gained second place this year in Class A of the Melville Memorial competition for collectors aged from 15 to 17. His entry consisted of the imperforate Penny Red stamps issued in Britain in 1841. The first prize was won by Martin Baxendale, of Walkder, Lancashire, for his stamps of Tonga.

C. W. HILL

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## JUST LIKE JENNINGS

Continued from page 9

before inquiring: "Which bed did you say, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Jennings' bed. The one by the window," he replied.

She looked again more closely. "But the sheet is perfectly clean. There's no trace of a pawmark anywhere."

In two strides Mr. Wilkins had crossed the room and was staring down in utter bewilderment at the margin of white sheet topping the coverlet on Jennings' bed. There was not a trace of a feline footprint to be seen.

"Good heavens! Well, I... What on earth!" he gasped in surprise.

"You're quite sure this was the bed?" Matron prompted.

"Of course I'm sure! The dirty pawmarks were all over the top of this sheet as clear as mud—I mean, as large as life." Mr. Wilkins replied. Somewhat confused he blurted out: "It's—it's uncannibal—er—uncanny... incredible!"

"Exactly!" his colleague observed. "You're asking us to

believe, Wilkins, that a Siamese cat came in through a securely latched window, marked time with wet paws on Jennings' sheet and then let itself out through a closed door, at the same time causing its muddy footmarks to evaporate into thin air during the few minutes that you were out of the room." He sighed. "Well, really! What will you ask us to believe next!"

For a moment Mr. Wilkins was at a loss for words and Matron tactfully steered the discussion back to the problem on hand.

"I suggest we forget the phantom footprints and go and tell the village constable that the cat's been lost."

"Yes, I will. I'll go right away," Mr. Wilkins agreed.

Matron had been hoping to find time during the afternoon to go to the general stores in Linbury, and as Mr. Wilkins was going in that direction he offered her a lift to the village.

"That's very kind of you," Matron said. "The only snag is

that the shops shut at five o'clock, so I wonder if you'd mind if we went there first and called at the police station on our way back."

Mr. Wilkins had no objection. "Very well," he said. "And about this cat. I think I ought to offer a reward to anyone finding it, don't you? How much do you think I should give?"

"Five shillings," said Mr. Carter. "Seven-and-six," suggested Matron.

"I'll make it ten shillings," Mr. Wilkins declared. "In fact, I'd give a lot more than that to know where the wretched animal is at this moment." As he spoke he glanced out of the dormitory window and his eye lighted upon Jennings and Darbishire hurrying across the quad towards the school gates. Jennings had a fishing-basket slung round his neck which he was holding with extreme care.

Mr. Wilkins looked away again. He had more important things to do than speculate on the contents of some small boy's fishing-basket.

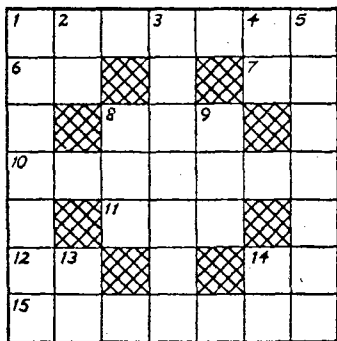
To be continued



# PUZZLE PARADE

## CROSS-MOT PUZZLE

How good is your French? In this Anglo-French puzzle the words across are French and the words down are English. Clues are in English for French words, and in French for English words. Even if you do not know all the French words, you should still find them; in fact, this is quite a good way of learning them.



READING ACROSS. 1 Toad. 6 Exclamation. 7 If. 8 (He) tied. 10 Painter. 11 Summer. 12 Exclamation. 14 Top card. 15 Taken again (feminine).

READING DOWN. 1 Hachette. 2 Initiales d'un régiment d'artillerie. 3 Imprimeur. 4 Nous. 5 Différent. 8 Mensonge. 9 (Il) a mangé. 13 Lui. 14 Comme.

Answer next week

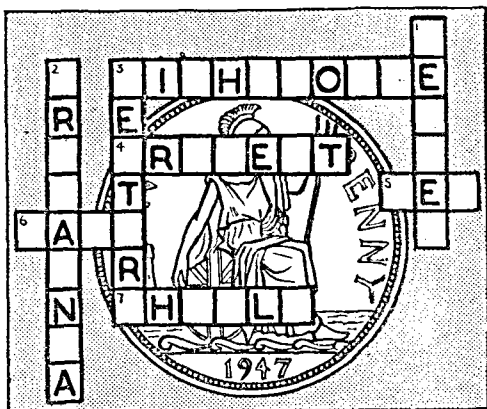
## WORD CHANGING

CAN you change the word **BOOK** into **READ** in four stages, altering only one letter at a time?

## ALL ON A PENNY

To complete the words of the puzzle, find the names of eight features seen on the reverse side of a George VI penny.

Now see how quickly you can find the words needed.



## Billy and Rover give a swimming lesson

It looked like being a warm, sunny day, so Mummy and Daddy decided to take Billy to the seaside. "If Paul would like to go with us he can," said Mummy.

Billy dashed next door to tell Paul and found him more than willing to go.

Two hours later they were all by the sea and getting ready for a swim. The two boys raced down to the water, but although Billy plunged straight in, Paul stayed where it was very shallow.

"I can float," he explained, "but I can't swim."

Billy tried to help, but his efforts were not very successful. Every time Paul tried a few strokes he went under.

Then Billy had an idea. Telling Paul to stay in the water, he went back to the beach and picked up

## Twelve cars for you

Each clue suggests the name of a familiar make of car. Can you name the 12?

Large cat-like animal of America.

English folk-dance.

Famous Australian comedian.

Kind of flag.

Wanderer.

For crossing a river.

Barrel maker.

District in South London.

Eastern flowering plant.

Bright ray.

Estuary in Yorkshire.

Thirteenth and seventh letters of the alphabet.

## Bird in a word

The answer to each clue contains the name of a bird. Can you find all six words?

Part of a monk's hood, or often seen on a chimney.

A multitude.

Island in the West Indies.

Part of a ship.

Violent pull.

To rob.

## OUT OF PLACE

All of the following cities have something in common, yet one of them is out of place among its companions. How quickly can you spot the odd city?

Accra, Algiers, Cairo, Tripoli, Tunis.

## ALL CHANGE!

In this word puzzle, the two incomplete words in each sentence are anagrams; that is, they consist of the same letters rearranged. The dots stand for the missing letters. Example: danger, ranged.

Answers are given below

- The fox 1.... nimbly down the s.... of the hillside.
- In Autumn the wind w.... the leaves from the trees and s.... them over the ground.
- The culprit does not m.... you to find out his n.... and address.
- This noisy t.... of children seem to be running r....
- We wear wide-brimmed hats to s.... our h.... from the hot sun.
- My finger is s.... since I pricked it on the r.... bush.

## THIS WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS

If you have a birthday this week you share it with one of the following famous people.

- 11th June Richard Todd, film actor  
12th June Sir Anthony Eden  
13th June W. B. Yeats, Irish poet  
14th June Harriet Beecher Stowe.  
15th June Edward Grieg, Norwegian composer  
16th June Tom Graveney, cricketer  
17th June John Wesley

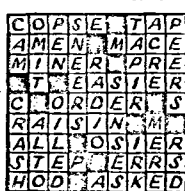
## BATTY

SIMPLE Sammy studying Nature. Finds there's much to marvel at.

He had always thought the Cricket Was a special kind of Bat.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER



Changed Word. Book, rook, rood, road, read. Twelve cars for you. Jaguar; Morris; Bentley; Standard; Rover; Ford; Cooper; Vauxhall; Lotus; Sunbeam.

Humber; M.G. Bird in a word. C-owl; crow-d; Martin-ique; s-tern; wren-ch; s-teal. Out of place. Accra, a town of West Africa; the rest are in North Africa. All on a penny. down. 1 Helmet, 2 Britannia, 3 Letters. Across. 3 Lighthouse, 4 Trident, 5 Sea, 6 Date, 7 Shield.

## ALL CHANGE!

1 lopes, slope. 2 wrests, strews. 3 mean, name. 4 trio, riot. 5 shade, heads. 6 sore, rose.

## Y.H.A.

Boys and girls of all ages love adventure, and there is plenty of scope for you in touring our wonderful countryside, by bicycle or on foot, and discovering for yourself the excitement of following a trail that can lead anywhere you choose. But it is Adventure, and not Danger, you're after, so it's good to know that the Y.H.A. has nearly 300 hostels, scattered all over England and Wales, waiting to welcome you—with warden, usually a married couple, to help you with any problems, and see that everything runs smoothly.

## for Safe

You can book in advance, so you don't have to take a chance about a bed for the night when you go to the friendly Youth Hostel, where you'll find everything the outdoor adventurer needs.

## Adventure

Hostellers are hungry folk, so most hostels provide meals—substantial three-course suppers (3s.) and breakfasts (2s. 6d.), though you can always try your hand at cooking your own meals, if you like, in the well-equipped members' kitchen. And if you're under 16, it's only 2s. to stay the night (it's 3s. if you're older).

Hostelling is so cheap because everyone lends a hand with small chores like helping to wash-up, and it's so friendly because most of the members are young people, just like you.

For your first step towards safe adventure—

## POST THIS TODAY!

TO Y.H.A. (CN/6111), TREVELYAN HOUSE, ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

Please send me free booklet "Going Places?", enrolment form and details of Family Membership.

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# Thrills on Wheels in the Isle of Man

THIS is motor-cycle T.T. week in the Isle of Man and excitement is building up for the two main races, the Junior event on Wednesday and the Senior on Friday.

The Senior T.T., for 500 c.c. machines, is attracting more interest than ever, for it has now become the "100 m.p.h. race." Last year's event provided some of the finest riding ever seen on the island. For the first time ever four riders lapped at over 100 miles an hour—John Surtees, the winner; John Hartle, runner-up; Mike Hailwood, who was third; and Derek Minter. Surtees, winning his fourth Senior T.T., put up a new record lap for the course of 104.08 m.p.h., and his average speed for the whole 226 miles was 102.44 m.p.h.

John Surtees is now winning fresh laurels as a motor racing ace, so Friday's race will be the most open for many years.

As the motor-cyclists depart so the racing cyclists arrive. The island's week-long cycling festival begins on Sunday, and races will be held every day.

The highlight of the week will be the 100-mile professional race

on Tuesday. Leading riders from France, Italy, and Ireland as well as Britain will take part in this tough event, won last year by Frenchman André Darrigade, who will be defending his trophy. Italy, however, will have a strong contender in Gastone Nencini, winner of last year's Tour de France.

Heading the British riders will be Brian Robinson and Tommy Simpson, the highly successful Yorkshire cyclists who live and race on the Continent. Tommy has been a professional for less than two years, but during that time he has continually made headlines. A few weeks ago he sprinted to victory in the Tour of Flanders, the first Englishman to win a one-day international road race for 65 years!

Another big event on the programme is the 113-mile Manx International for amateurs on the Friday. Teams from France, Belgium, Holland, and East Germany will provide the foreign opposition.

## ONE RECORD UNLIKELY TO BE BROKEN

MOST golfers are more than happy if they can complete a round in 70 strokes. But from New Zealand comes the story of a 16-year-old schoolboy who completed two rounds in 70 strokes. It is a world record that is almost certain to last forever.

It seems that, although young K. Jackson was interested in golf and practised quite a lot, he did not belong to a club and had never played in a tournament. So when his application was received for a competition the other day officials gave him the maximum junior handicap of 48.

Jackson completed his first round in 86 strokes, less his handicap of 48, for a net score of 38! He finished the afternoon round in 80 strokes, which, with his handicap off, was equal to 32.

The officials took one look at his scores and promptly reduced his handicap by 40!



## WAITING EIGHT

An eight of the Stuart Ladies' Rowing Club await their boat for a training spell on the River Thames at Barnes

## Athletics right from the start

NOR every young newcomer to athletics has the advantage of a coach or club expert pointing out the right and wrong methods. Such beginners can learn a lot from the latest of the Foyles Handbooks: *Athletics*, by Peter Bird (4s.).

Its 90 pages are crammed with

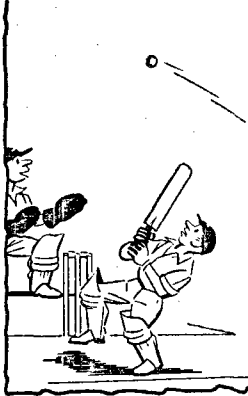
information about facilities, administration of the clubs and events, and training. In the teaching chapters he gives a lot of useful straightforward advice.

Altogether a good four-shillings-worth for any boy or girl who is at the beginning of an athletic career!



## SCRAPBOOK

THIS DELIVERY IS SO HIGH THAT THE BALL IS OUT OF THE BATSMAN'S REACH... IF YOU WERE AN UMPIRE, WHAT WOULD YOU DO ABOUT IT? Answer below.



TEST MATCH SWEATERS WERE NOT GIVEN TO ENGLAND'S CRICKETERS IN THE EARLY DAYS, BUT WALTER MEAD (ESSEX), WHO PLAYED AGAINST AUSTRALIA IN 1899, WAS AWARDED ONE 50 YEARS LATER. IT WAS PART OF A TRIBUTE TO HIS LONG SERVICE TO THE GAME, FOR AT 80 HE WAS STILL UMPIRING ESSEX CLUB AND GROUND MATCHES.

BATTING FOR THE FREE FORESTERS V. A UNITED ENGLAND ELEVEN AT ECCLES (LANCS.) IN 1861 THE REV. W.G. ARMITSTEAD COMPLAINED THAT HE COULD NOT SEE THE BOWLER'S ARM AGAINST THE DARK BACKGROUND OF THE UMPIRE'S BODY...

THE UMPIRE PUT ON A WHITE NIGHTSHIRT AND THIS INCIDENT, 100 YEARS AGO, IS BELIEVED TO BE THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMILIAR LONG WHITE COAT.



## Essex swimmers in Holland

AN Ilford swimming club, Sans Egal, has chartered a plane to fly to Holland on 30th June to compete against various Continental teams in a swimming gala which will be part of the centenary celebrations of Zaandam, a suburb of Amsterdam.

The four-day visit will include a civic reception at the Town Hall and various sightseeing tours.

## FIRST JUMP OF 27 FEET

FOR many years the distance of 27 feet has had the same significance to long jumpers as four minutes once had for milers. It seemed that no athlete would ever clear it, and until last August the world record remained at 26 feet 8½ inches, set by the great Jesse Owens as long ago as 1935. It was one of the oldest athletics records.

Then Ralph Boston, a 22-year-old student at Tennessee State University, cleared 26 feet 11½ inches, and the 27-foot jump seemed a possibility at last. Now

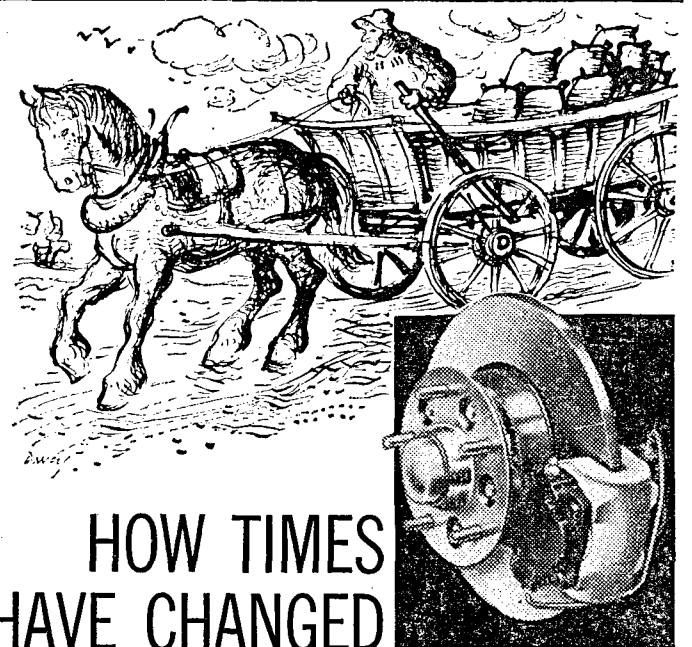
Ralph has done it, "clearing the barrier" by half an inch.

Ralph Boston, who is studying biochemistry and hopes to become a doctor, is quite an all-round athlete, winning college honours in the high and long jump, low and high hurdles, pole vault and sprint relays.

We may see him in action in this country as a member of the U.S. team to compete at the White City next month.

## SCRAPBOOK:

You should signal a wide.



## HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

The expression "putting a spoke in the wheel" was used quite literally in the days before mechanical brakes. The carter used to push a rod between the spokes of his cart wheel to slow his progress downhill. Later, braking was simplified by placing a drag-shoe under the wheel.

All kinds of mechanical brakes have been developed since then, and in 1945 Dunlop introduced a Disc Brake. Operating by friction pads closing on a metal plate, it gives much greater "power to stop". Dunlop Disc Brakes are found today on aircraft, buses, trucks, racing cars and on the most advanced private motor cars.

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